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AN
ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN CLINTON, LOUISIANA,

ON

SUNDAY, JUNE 24th, 1846,

AND AGAIN ON

SUNDAY, JULY 19TH, 1846,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE

CLINTON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

BY JOHN RUSSELL.

PRINTED AT THE "LOUISIANA FLORIDIAN" OFFICE,

CLINTON, LOUISIANA.

1846.

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CLINTON, July 20th 1846.

John Russell, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:—Pursuant to a Resolution adopted by the Clinton Temperance Society, the undersigned Committee were appointed to request of you a copy of your Address for publication.

Pleased at the able and instructive manner in which you have discharged the task allotted to you, the members of this association, through the undersigned Committee, desire to thank you in the most cordial terms, for a discourse which has elicited universal approbation. As many have expressed a desire to peruse it at their leisure, will you so far gratify them and the Society as to consent to its publication in pamphlet form—a form which will render it both convenient and durable?

We are very respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

JOHN E. KING,
W. W. CHAPMAN,
R. H. PATRICK.

CLINTON ACADEMY, LA., July 21st, 1846.

John E. King, Esq., W. W. Chapman, Esq., R. H. Patrick, Esq.,

GENTLEMEN:—I had the honor of receiving, yesterday, your note, asking, in behalf of the Clinton Temperance Society, a copy of my Address, for publication.

I should be utterly insensible did I not feel, deeply feel, the honor thus conferred upon me. The approbation of an audience so highly intellectual as that which honored me with their attendance, would be an ample reward for merits much higher than I dare claim. I shall ever remember, with heart-felt gratification, not only the approbation of that audience, but also the very kind and flattering terms in which their wishes have been conveyed to me, by a committee, one of which, at least is distinguished as an *Orator* of the highest grade. I place a copy of my Address at your disposal.

Accept, Gentlemen, for the Society which you represent, and for yourselves individually the expression of my esteem.

Respectfully,

J. RUSSELL.

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AN ADDRESS

Delivered at Clinton, Louisiana, on Sunday, June 24th, 1846, and again on Sunday, July 19th, 1846, at the request of the Clinton Temperance Society,

BY JOHN RUSSELL.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I am aware that nearly all who address the public on the subject of temperance, pursue, invariably, one and the same course. They portray, in glowing colors, the evils that flow from intemperance, and then appeal to their audience to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks.

This course, though sanctioned by universal custom, I shall *not* pursue, for I deem it of no avail.

He who imagines that eloquent appeals from a temperance lecturer will induce the army of drunkards to abandon their cups--that the fiery torrent of alcohol that is sending desolation over our land can be stayed in its career of woe and death, by eloquence—he that expects *this*, is doomed to disappointment. *Leviathan is not thus tamed*

Every day of his life, the drunkard resists appeals *ten-fold* more powerful than the most eloquent temperance lecturer ever uttered. He sees the pale, baggard, emaciated features of the wife whom he swore on the altar of God to protect and cherish. He remembers that a few years since, when she gave him her hand, and with it, the rich treasure of her love, she was radiant with beauty and hope. He sees the wrinkles which *suffering*, and not *years* have traced upon her brow, and feels that his intemperance has driven deep the burning plow-share of sorrow over her youthful forehead. He knows that he is fast hurrying her to an untimely grave. Marked you that appealing look of hopeless agony which the injured wife cast upon her drunken husband? If that silent but eloquent look has not power to move him, do you believe that he can be moved by the temperance lecturer?

Day by day the drunkard sees that he is reducing to wretchedness and ruin the prating child that climbs his knee and addresses him by the sacred name of *father*--a name that should send a thrill to every virtuous heart. If the beggary—and what is far *worse*, the moral degradation and death of his own *child*, can not induce him to abandon the intoxicating cup--would the eloquence of even a Demosthenes?

He turns his eye back upon himself. He sees that all the fond expectations of parents and friends once so ardently cherished, have been blasted by his intemperance. From the dark and fathomless abyss in which his prospects of usefulness and respectability lie entombed, hope itself sends back no echo. Over his future destiny hangs a gloom more appalling than that which shrouds the sepulchre. When all these appeals fail to move the drunkard, in vain will you attempt to move him by a temperance lecture.

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Equally useless is it to tell the public that if all will abandon at once and forever, the use of every thing that can intoxicate, there will be no more intemperance. That remedy for drunkenness is, indeed a *sure* one, but it is one which the whole world has known for centuries—every *drunkard* knows that if he would abandon the use of all intoxicating drinks he would become a sober and respectable man. And yet of what use is it to tell them of this? You might with as much hope of success say to a man with a burning fever, whose blood is boiling like lava in the glowing caverns of his heart—“Sir, if you will only become *cool*, you will have no fever.” Drunkenness is a disease that binds fast in its remorseless chains both the moral and physical nature of man. When this disease is once fully seated, it is almost impossible to reclaim the drunkard, for he has lost the *will* to refrain. I repeat—intemperance is a disease that deprives its victims of the will to refrain. You might almost as well attempt to stay the burning thunder-bolt, mid-volley as to stop the confirmed drunkard in his career of ruin and death.

I am aware that some few habitual drunkards may have been reformed, but their number is so small that they are hardly a drop in the bucket compared with the thousands that every year descend into the drunkards grave.

It must be evident to every reflecting mind, that if we expect ever to redeem our country from the scourge of intemperance, we must adopt some means more powerful than mere appeals however eloquent, to the inebriate. It is equally useless to tell them to refrain from the use of intoxicating drinks. We must discover a remedy that will not only be effectual—but a remedy that will be adopted. It is the extreme of folly to tell the world a sure and safe remedy for intemperance when experience proves that the remedy will not be adopted.

To render this subject more intelligible: Suppose a philosopher should tell the people of New Orleans that if they will abandon their lovely city and emigrate to the frozen regions of the north they will be certain of escaping from the Yellow Fever that sometimes sends the death-cart with alarming frequency along their streets. This would indeed be proposing to them a sure safe-guard from that pestilence—but such a safe-guard as experience shows none would adopt. But suppose that he had examined the *cause* of yellow fever—the *predisposing* cause, and should say to them with truth: You are visited by that deadly pestilence because you breathe an atmosphere that is loaded with disease and death. It is only the strongest constitution that can resist the contagion in which you live. I can point out to you the means by which you can purify the air of the deadly miasma that surrounds you, and by sending life and health upon every breeze that fans you, banish forever the *scourge* that desolates your city. Would not such a man deserve their gratitude, for he would not only point out a sure remedy, but the only remedy that *would* be applied.

It is precisely the same with intemperance. It is in vain to attempt, however eloquently, to persuade people to abandon their cups. The *predisposing* cause of intemperance must be removed. The atmosphere must be purified. Till this is done, we can have no hope beyond that of snatch-

ing here and there one from ruin, while the mighty throng that rushes onward to the drunkard's grave, becomes every year larger and larger.

In this address I shall attempt to give you, in the plainest language possible, the cause of intemperance in our country, and point out what I deem the only effectual means of staying its progress. If in doing this I shall advance opinions which to some of you may appear new and startling, I claim for myself the indulgence which is due to every honest effort to do good.

I shall lay it down as an incontrovertible proposition, that *intemperance arises from the mis-direction of one of the noblest propensities of our nature; and that propensity is the love of excitement.* I repeat: *INTEMPERANCE arises from the mis-direction of one of the noblest propensities of our nature; and that propensity is the love of excitement.*

The love of excitement glows with more or less intensity in every human bosom. It was implanted there by the Creator to impel us onward to the performance of all that is great and good. It gives us an *ardent, a longing* desire to be *better* and happier than we now are. No human being however exalted may be his rank in life, or however numerous may be the means of enjoyment that cluster around him—no human being is contented with his present condition. The love of excitement burns in his bosom, and he desires, ardently desires, by some means or other, to relieve his mind from the weariness and disgust which the same unvarying round of duties and pleasures ever produce. Who is there that has not at times been ready to exclaim with Hamlet:

‘How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.’

His love of excitement is manifested in a thousand different forms, as variant as the character of individuals. The *Athenians* gratified this propensity by spending all their leisure time in *hearing* or in *telling news*. The ball-room, the theatre, the race-course and the grocery are visited by those only who seek excitement.

The man of cultivated mind feels as powerfully as does the unlettered clown, the love of excitement. He too, seeks enjoyment such as the ceaseless labor and toil of every day life does not afford, but he seeks it from sources that are closed against the ignorant.

The man whose mind is highly cultivated and whose moral principles have been trained aright, has before him a broad field upon which he can give a loose reign to that impulse with benefit to himself and the human race. He can gratify the love of excitement by filling the important offices of his country—by leading her armies on the battle-field—by directing public opinion through the press—defending the rights of his fellow citizens at the bar, or by engaging in other labors calculated to promote the great interests of the age.

Should none of these broader fields be open to the man of cultivated mind, he has still the unfailling resource of BOOKS. With *these*, when wearied with the dull cares of this life and anxious for higher enjoyment, he can gratify, to its fullest extent, the love of excitement. By means of *books* he can travel back to the very commencement of time, and see the

solid earth, at the "Fiat" of Omnipotence, slowly emerge from the dark and silent chaos over which the Holy Spirit had spread its hovering wings.— Descending down the long track of ages, he can trace the rise and fall of mighty empires that in quick succession have risen to wealth and power, declined, and in their turn, fallen and every vestige of their former grandure disappeared forever. He can follow the warriors of the early ages over their battle-fields—stand with Leonidas in the immortal straits of Thermopylæ—walk with Plato in the groves of Academus—listen to the deathless song of Homer—or follow the adventurous voyager in his perilous circumnavigation of the globe. If at any time his mind craves still higher excitement than this affords him, he can find it in the regions of fiction, where poetry and romance have created a world of their own.

When such means of enjoyment are placed within his reach, he has no inducement to degrade his very nature by resorting to debasing practices.
No:

The high-born soul disdains to rest
Her heaven-aspiring wing beneath
Her native quarry. When tired
Of earth and this diurnal scene, she mounts aloft.

The man whose mind is uncultivated, and whose moral principles have not been trained aright, feels, like all others, the love of excitement—the desire of higher enjoyment, but he has none of these means of gratifying that propensity. Too often does he find that the only method by which he can readily escape from weariness of soul is, in the language of an eminent poet to

Try Circes arts and in the tempting
Bowl of poisoned Nectar, sweet oblivion
Swill.

Then when he has imbibed the intoxicating draught, he feels himself for a time lapped in Elysium. Every thing around him is changed, and he himself is a new being. The world is no longer the dreary prison-house, nor life the weary load it was a short time before, for the fumes of alcohol have invested them with the radiant hues of paradise. His languor and discontent have fled. Hope, and happiness, and joy, have flung around him their brightest halo.

A few hours pass by, and not only has this scene of brilliant hopes and enjoyment faded away, but his feelings have become ten-fold more dark and cheerless than they were before. To *escape* these feelings he resorts again, and again, with increasing frequency, to the intoxicating cup.

I trust that all who have done me the honor of listening to me *thus far*, will agree with me, when I lay it down as my *second* proposition, that the only successful means that *can* be adopted to stop the progress of intemperance, is to render our countrymen capable of gratifying the love of excitement by some other means than a resort to intoxicating drinks. As I have already said, you cannot extinguish the love of excitement, for it is a part of our *nature*, and was implanted there for a high and holy purpose. But you can guide it *aright*. You can train the youth of our country in such a manner that instead of seeking the gratification of this propensity in the debasing use of alcohol, they shall seek it from the high and honorable career of virtue.

In those countries of Europe where the great mass of the people are held in vassalage—where every ambition—every thought, every emotion of the soul is narrowed down to the single enquiry, how they shall obtain the scanty food necessary to support life for each passing day—in such a country I grant that it is possible, quite possible to keep the people from habits of intemperance without cultivating their minds. But *here*, where man is free as the air he breathes—where the pursuit of his own happiness is among his inalienable rights, you must educate. You must give to our youth, not only the *ability*, but the *inclination* to pursue an honorable career, or ruin will be their inevitable doom.

There is no country on the habitable globe where it is so vitally important to direct aright the love of excitement, as in these United States. It is because there is no country on the habitable globe where there are so many things to develop and call into active operation the love of excitement. Every thing around is calculated to awaken all the energies of the human mind.

The eyes of the young American open upon a realm, broader than ever acknowledged the sway of the *Imperial Cæsars*. The Eagle, the symbol of his country, rests one wing on the shores of the Atlantic, while the other dips in the waters of the Pacific. From the cold lakes of the north, in whose zenith stands the frozen constellation of the Bear, down to the sunny climes of Louisiana and Florida—all this wide region is

“The land of the free and the home of the brave.”

Nature, too, has here conducted all her work upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence calculated to *impress, deeply impress*, the heart of the young American. Our *mountains* lift their bald summits high up into the cold bleak atmosphere. Their snowy tops look far down upon the storm clouds that begirt them. Our *rivers* roll, for thousands of miles through regions whose natural resources are almost boundless. Along all these giant streams, and along their innumerable branches, commerce is pouring a ceaseless tide of wealth. Steamboats are night and day traversing rivers, and towns are springing up along their banks, which but a few years since were hardly known except to the swarthy Indian. Our *Lakes* are inland seas upon which fleets have fought and conquered.

Our population during the brief period of our national existence has increased from three to twenty millions. Emigration is still rolling onward with a wider and broader current. Already has it peopled the mighty west with millions of hardy freemen, and is now sweeping through all the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, and will rest only on the shores of the Pacific.

If our population continues to increase in the same ratio that it has hitherto done, within the life-time of many now living, our Republic will contain two hundred millions of inhabitants. That it will far *exceed* that number, no one who can bring the subject to the test of arithmetical calculation, will *dare* deny.

How inspiring to the young and ardent mind must be the reflection that within a space of time comparatively so short, the flag of our country

will throw its starry folds over two millions of Americans who will speak the same language, read the same books, and ready at the the first call of their country to present their bosoms as a bulwark for the defence of liberty.

Every page of his country's history is likewise calculated to excite the American youth and inspire him with ardent emotions. He follows, in imagination the little May-flower, freighted with the first band of Pilgrims, who spurning oppression sought a home in the new world. Three times does he see the full moon stand over the mast of that gallant vessel, while she is plowing her perilous way over the broad Atlantic. These Pilgrims were men of iron mould, and of stern piety. Not a single heart in that ship quailed. Every morning and evening, their hymn of praise mingled its thrilling cadence with the wild roar of the ocean. *Woman* was there, but she had exchanged the shrinking timidity of her sex, for the sublime resolve, calmly to meet, by the side of those she loved, whatever of peril or death might await **THEM**.

Descending down to a later period of American history, his heart glows with still deeper, and deeper emotions, as he approaches the period when our gallant fathers in defence of their rights, hurled back the gauntlet of defiance in the face of Britain. With breathless interest the young American follows the patriots of the revolution, from battle-field to battle-field, through the arduous struggle of seven long years of blood. When at last he sees his country free and independent—her victorious banner waving proudly over a new Republic, his heart glows with fervid emotions, and with conscious pride he exclaims, *I, too, am an American—I am the countryman of Washington.*

In every field where mind meets mind, whether it be in literature, in the sciences, or in the arts, he sees his country victorious. Our lawyers, our statesmen, our scholars, our divines, bear off the palm of superior merit. In the ponderous quarto volumes of Webster's Dictionary, we have had the honor of giving to England herself—proud, haughty England, the best standard in existence of her own language.

Even the *war of the elements*, talks to the young American of the glorious achievements of his country. When the forked lightnings stream athwart the heavens—when the rolling thunder, peal on peal, seems to rock the solid globe, down to its very core—this is a moment of high excitement to the American youth. He proudly casts his eye upon the tall, taper rod, which the American Franklin has sent up into the heavens, and *conquered* the warring thunder-bolts on their own battle-field.

Other nations celebrate the victories of *their* great men, by the discharge of cannon, but the achievements of *our* Franklin, are proclaimed by the roar of **HEAVEN'S OWN ARTILLERY.**

But this is not all:—Every office within the gift of the people, from that of President of the United States, down to that of the humblest village-magistrate, is open to the young American, and fires his ambition. Here, too, every noble effort, calculated to benefit mankind, presents to him a broad field upon which to run his career of honorable enterprise.

And now, I would ask this audience to pause and reflect for a moment,

and then tell me, what might we reasonably expect would be the state of society, in a country like ours, where every individual, from the hour of his birth, to that of his death, is constantly surrounded by so many exciting influences? Would you not expect that the *educated* class, whose minds have been properly cultivated, would engage with ardor, and energy in every honorable pursuit of life—while those whose minds had been left *uncultivated*, would rush headlong, into vice and intemperance? That such is the result, no proof need be exhibited.

In no country upon which the light of heaven shines, is there so much active intelligence—such a spirit of enterprise, so much effort to promote the best interests of the human race, as in these United States. And this is precisely because the educated class have had their minds powerfully awakened, and every faculty called into action, by the exciting scenes in which our countrymen are placed.

Cast your eye over the habitable globe, and shew me, if you can, a single region that does not exhibit traces of American enterprise. There is not a river, lake, or ocean, from pole to pole, upon which our flag has not been unfurled.

Wherever wealth, or fame can be won, there you find an American.—His efforts are still more freely given to the sacred cause of disinterested benevolence. Go to the regions where man is most degraded—where the image of God is most defaced by degrading superstitions, and barbarous rites. There will you see our countrymen, toiling in the holy work of raising up these dark, and benighted pagans, to the high standard of moral and intellectual existence.

Turn your eye to the distant plains of Hindostan where hundreds of thousands have assembled to drag the ponderous car of Juggernaut, or perish beneath its wheels.—Who is that pale-faceted man, of a different race from these dark idolaters? He is actively, and successfully engaged in distributing the bible among them, and has already induced thousands to abandon idolatry? He came from a country far towards the setting sun—he is an American. There is a man of distinguished learning and talents who has devoted the best years of his life to the Burmans, and given the bible to the millions of that nation, in their own language. It is the American Judson, whom the Karens most emphatically call, "*Jesus Christ man.*"

Wherever light is to be diffused, and debased human nature is to be elevated, there do you find our countrymen. They stand in the first ranks of every noble and generous enterprise. They have planted the banner of the cross in the deadliest regions of the torrid zone. They have made the Rose of Sharon expand its blossoms, on the snowy plains of Greenland—in regions locked in eternal frost.

But alas! if the proposition which I have laid down, is true—that intemperance among us is owing to the mis-direction of the love of excitement, we might also expect to find thousands among the uneducated classes who find no means of gratifying that propensity, except in the intoxicating cup.

It is hardly possible to please a human being under circumstances more

unfavorable to the practice of virtue—more likely to lead to intemperance, than is placed the uneducated American. While every thing around him is calculated to excite his mind to the highest pitch, he is cut off from engaging in any of the pursuits of life that require education.—He may feel that he possesses natural abilities of the most brilliant kind, yet they are of no avail. Without education, he can neither take a stand in the halls of legislation—lead the armies of his country, or fill with honor, even the humblest office. He is as effectually debarred from engaging in any of the numerous pursuits of life that require education, as if he lived under the most despotic government. Even *Books*, that unfailing source of intellectual enjoyment—that nurse of every virtue—*books*, are to him a sealed fountain.

Where shall such a man seek for enjoyment? Where shall he find the gratification of that love of excitement that burns in every human bosom? Is it surprising that he lies for solace to the poisoned cup—that he resorts to the grocery? Such a course is almost *inevitable*. He has been born, and raised up in a state of society where every thing around him produces excitement, and he is deprived, by ignorance, of nearly every means of gratifying that propensity, except by intemperance. Can we reasonably expect a different result?

And now, I wish to impress, deeply impress, upon the mind of every individual present, that in a country, surrounded with so many causes of excitement as exist in these United States, there is *no* effectual means of preventing vice and intemperance, but to give to every child in this republic a sound education. Do *this*, and you will purify the atmosphere, and remove the predisposing cause of intemperance. You must afford to every child such an education as will enable him to discharge the duties of an American citizen, and find in intellectual pursuits, such enjoyments as will leave him no inducement to resort to alcohol.

Till *this* is done, but very little is effected to relieve our country of the army of drunkards that every year descend to the grave,—to hear, when they have passed its dark portal, the appalling sentence, "*No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven.*"

Eloquent appeals may *possibly* save here, and there, a victim, but intemperance will continue to rage, and offer its annual sacrifice, till the atmosphere is purified, and the predisposing cause is removed, by *universal education*. You have no alternative between building *school houses* or *penitentiaries*. You must either restrain the youth of our country, by giving them a good education, or you will be compelled to chain them down to the cold damp floor of a dungeon.

A solemn duty devolves upon every parent and upon every citizen of this republic. It is not enough that you teach your child that alcohol, in all its forms, is a deadly poison. It is not enough that you induce him to sign a temperance pledge. You must *educate* him—you *must* educate him. If his education extends no farther than to give him a taste for sound reading, you have, even *in that*, a better safe-guard for your child—a surer guarantee that he will not become a drunkard, than all the temperance pledges that were ever signed, could afford you without it.

In such a country as ours, to neglect the education of a child, is a crime of a deeper die than the Hindoo mother commits, who throws her struggling infant into the Ganges, to be devoured, alive, by the Crocodiles. She, poor, benighted Pagan, only sacrifices its *life*, while the American parent, by leaving his child ignorant, offers up its hopes for time, for eternity, upon an altar more bloody than that of Moloch.

And yet, even in these United States, instances are not unfrequent, in which a parent, to save a few dollars, will commit the education of his children to incompetent hands. He will try to excuse this treachery to the best interests of his own offspring, by saying that his child is so young—his education so little advanced, that a teacher of very inferior qualifications is sufficient for his instruction. Such reasoning, common as it is, ought to betray its own absurdity. It is just as if the parent should say, I have a child that is nearly or quite *blind*; therefore, a man who can *hardly see*, himself, is capable of guiding *his* footsteps. On the contrary, the more ignorant and uneducated is your child, the more highly important it is that he has a competent, a talented instructor.

To train up a young American—to qualify him to discharge with ability the responsible duties that will devolve upon him, as a citizen of these United States—*this* is the task of a teacher of youth. No office can be more responsible than this—no other is more arduous. There is none that requires a higher grade of talents—none that demands more experience. None *ought* to be more respectable. Can there possibly be found, any way in which a parent can so profitably expend a share of his income, as in educating the children who will bear his own name through life, and fill his place in society, when *his* head lies low.

To the friends of temperance, education offers the only ground of hope. It is the Mount Ararat upon which must rest the ark of American liberty. There is not another spot visible above the wide world of waters, upon which the dove of hope can rest the sole of her foot. I am not unaware that some few will *deny* this. They will tell you, perhaps, of a man who was distinguished as a statesman, a lawyer, a physician, who, notwithstanding, went down into a drunkard's grave.

To such I reply, that a man may possess a large amount of learning, and yet not be well educated. He may read the Illiad of Homer and other classics, with fluency, may have studied the Mathematics, till, like Newton, he can calculate, to a second, the return of a comet from its journey of centuries into the fields of illimitable space. He may have all this amount of learning, and yet, not be well educated. If his *mind*, itself, has not been properly trained and disciplined—if his moral faculties have not been cultivated, strengthened, invigorated, then has he failed to acquire the most important element of human education. He resembles a splendid vessel, launched upon the wide weltering ocean, with numerous sails spread to the breeze, with a rich cargo on board, but with no helm, and no compass to direct its course. The very means that would otherwise have given to that vessel a prosperous, and a brilliant voyage, all hasten on its shipwreck.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLINTON TEMPERANCE SOCIE-

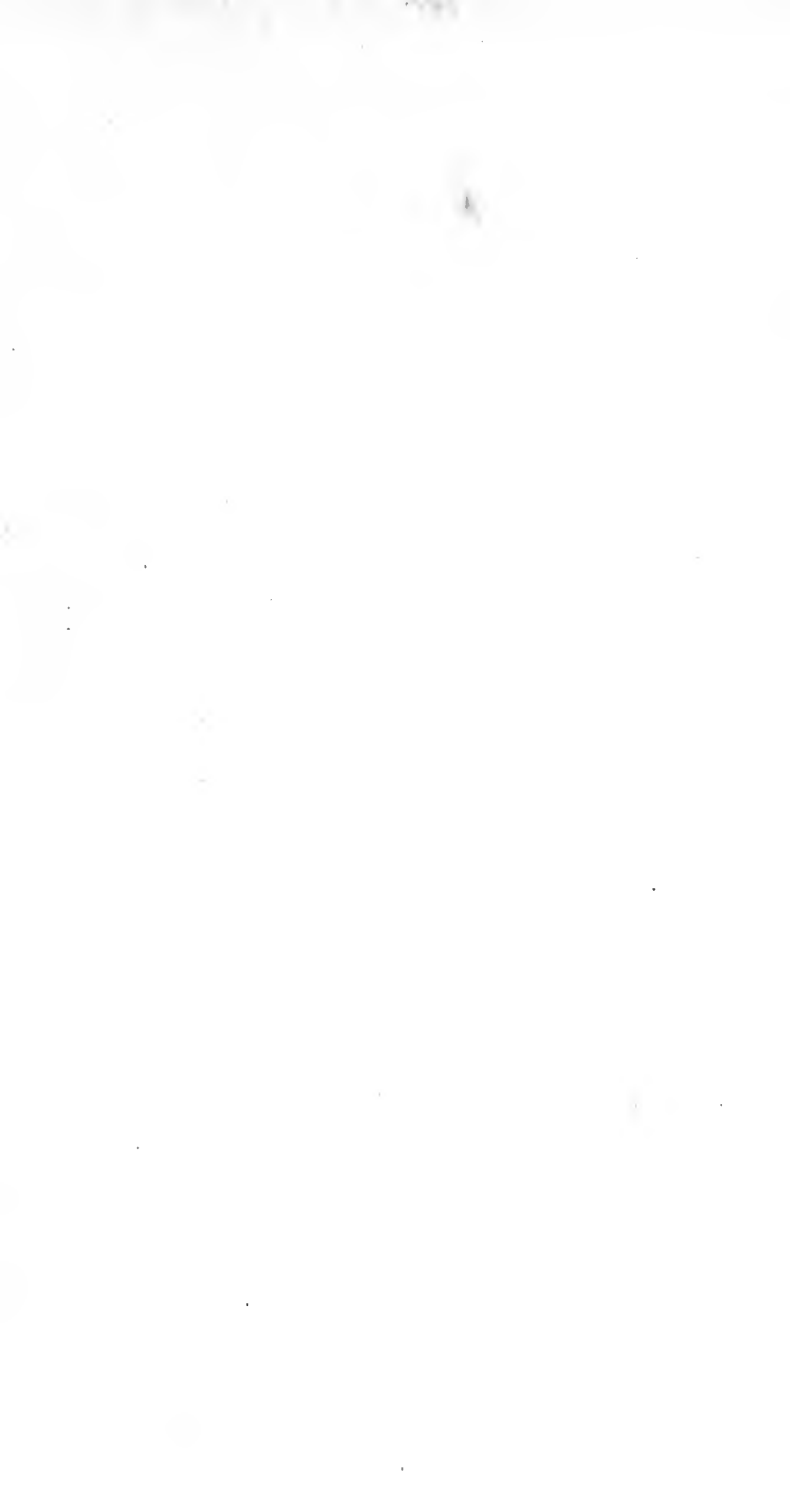
TY, and to its friends, permit me to offer a few closing remarks. You have labored long and zealously in this sacred cause. Calumny itself can ascribe to you no other motive but a disinterested desire of promoting the best interests of your fellow beings. Great will be your reward, even should you fail of accomplishing but a small share of the good you would wish. In the last final hour—when the sands of life are running low, the recollection of past years will throng thick around your memory. In that solemn hour, the remembrance of a single disinterested effort to do good to others, will afford you sweeter comfort and consolation, than would the proudest trophy that was ever won upon the fields of fame. You have abundant reasons to rejoice, and take courage. In no state in the Union are the people more willing to make great sacrifices for the education of their children, than in Louisiana. A new day is about to dawn upon this patriotic state. We see it in the efforts that are making to place the blessings of education within the reach of every child in the state. The principle that education is one of the inalienable rights of the citizens, is engrafted into your new constitution. The time is at hand when this sacred provision shall be carried fully into operation. How bright will be the destiny of this lovely region, the native land of the orange and the magnolia, when every child in the state shall be qualified to discharge, *ably* discharge, the high and responsible duties of an American citizen. Who shall say that the Great Ruler of human events, by making the people of this state take the lead in the work of education, has not designed to accomplish some signal good, that shall not only exert a decided influence upon the cause of temperance, but, also, upon the destinies of the American people? Spread before you the map of these United States, and you will see, at a glance, that Louisiana is the depot of the great valley of the Mississippi—the keystone in the arch of the mighty west. Go to the remotest settlement of the western states, and you will hear the enterprising back-woodsman talk of New Orleans; for it is to that town, and to the planters of this state, though two thousand miles distant, that he looks for a market, for the products which his labor produces.

How incalculably great must one day become the influence of Louisiana. When all her sons shall be enlightened, educated—though political demagogues might convulse *other* states of the Union, yet *here*, all would be calm as a summer morning, and your citizens would rise, in the majesty of freemen, roll back the dark tide of ignorance, and save the liberties of the American people.

Friends of Temperance: A few weeks since, when the war cry of your country, calling for aid, resounded through the streets of this village—in an instant, every sword leaped from its scabbard, and a hundred bosoms were, in a moment, bared for the battle. Display the same noble spirit in the cause of Temperance and victory is yours.

FINIS.













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